EDGE OF SPIDER-VERSE

5

MARVEL

2

60 YEARS

INSIDE...
SPIDER-GWEN! SPIDER-UK!
MINI-SPIDER! SHATHRA?!

We find ourselves once again at the...

EDGE OF SPIDER-VERSE

A new threat looms on the horizon, one that could end the Spider-Verse. It will take a legion of Spider-heroes old and new to face the danger ahead. Spiders from all corners of the Web of Life are on the cusp of a great change. This time, we peer into the lives of...

GHOST-SPIDER in
"GIG OF NIGHTMARES"
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IG GUARA *Artist*
RICO RENZI *Colorist*
VC's JOE CARAMAGNA *Letterer*

SPIDER-UK in
"THE SPIDER AND THE DRAGON"
RAMZEE *Writer*
RUAIRÍ COLEMAN *Artist*
BRIAN REBER *Colorist*
VC's JOE CARAMAGNA *Letterer*

SHATHRA in
"A SINGLE THREAD"
DAN SLOTT *Writer*
PACO MEDINA *Penciler*
PACO MEDINA & WALDEN WONG *Inkers*
BRIAN REBER *Colorist*
VC's TRAVIS LANHAM *Letterer*

MINI-SPIDER in
"MINI MARVELS"
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Spider-Man created by
STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO

EARTH-65.

OKAY... PACKED HOUSE.

WHY ARE YOU LATE THIS TIME, GWEN?

I *WAS* ON TIME, BUT THEN I SAW THIS GUY ON CLINTON--

BLAH BLAH SAVED-A-DAMSEL *BLAH*--

THIS IS OUR MOMENT.

UH-HUH...

OH GOD. TONIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS?! YOU PROMISED NO SPIDERING!

I CAN'T PROMISE CRAZIES WON'T BE CRAZY.

YOU'RE ON.

GROAN

LET'S FOCUS ON THE IMPORTANT THING.

THE MARY JANES OPENING FOR LILA CHENEY. WE'RE GONNA BE ***LEGENDS.***

MURDERFACE SHOULD BE HERE. STUPID CHENEY CAT ALLERGIES.

PSSST. OVER HERE.

CAN YOU PLEASE BE ***LESS EMBARRASSING?*** THIS WHOLE P.I. THING YOU'RE DOING IS REALLY BECOMING AN ISSUE FOR ME.

IT'S MYSTERIO. SOMETHING'S GOING DOWN. HE'S ALERTED EVERY PRESS OUTLET ABOUT TONIGHT.

THIS IS MY SHOCKED FACE. THAT GUY ***CANNOT*** PASS UP A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE.

WHY'S YOUR DAD LURKING? AND WHAT'S IN THAT BAG?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. LET'S DO THIS!

NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!

DON'T HAVE TIME TO BREATHE!

THIS MAY JUST BE STARTING, BUT, BABY, YOU'RE THE END!!!

FSSSSSSS

GLORY?!
EM JAY?!
GWEN?!
GWEN?!
FAME-MONGERING MOTHER--
I KNEW THERE'D BE VAMPIRES HERE!
IT'S--
--OOF--
--NOT--
--REAL!
IN THE RAFTERS. TO THE SURPRISE OF NOBODY.

FSSSSS

FSSSSS

ARGGGG--

I'M WEARING A GAS MASK, DUMMY. YOU'RE DONE.

KRAK

NUH-UH! YOU'RE DONE!

AW, CUTE PUNCH!

NOW MAKE THIS STOP.

WELL, SINCE YOU ASKED NICELY. NO!

SIGH

KA-SMASH

DON'T YOU EVER GET SICK OF THIS? WE FIGHT. I TRAP YOU. YOU GET ALL SAD AND DEJECTED.

BUT *THIS* TIME, I'M GOING TO SELL THE RIGHTS FOR A MOVIE DEAL. MY AGENT *SWEARS* THIS'LL DO THE TRICK.

SUCKS THAT YOU'LL MISS THE PREMIERE. THEY DON'T USUALLY LET CRIMINALS OUT TO ENJOY THE FRUITS OF THEIR LABOR.

...AND ANOTHER TERRIBLE MOVIE IDEA NEVER GETS MADE.

THANKS, DAD.

WELL, UH... I GUESS THE SHOW MUST GO ON? *LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LILA CHENEY!*

BALLS. SO MUCH FOR OUR BIG BREAK.

HOW PUNK ROCK WAS THAT?!

SURE, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT TO CALL IT.

AND HOW RAD ARE THE MARY JANES? AMIRITE? HOW ABOUT I INVITE THEM TO PLAY WITH ME?

OH, HELL YEAH.

SAMMY SAMMY DARLING

OW!

TO BE CONTINUED...

CITY OF LONDON.
EARTH-834.

GREEN PUBLIC TRANSPORT IS THE FUTURE, AND THE OPENING OF THE WINDSOR LINE IS A LANDMARK MOMENT FOR OUR CAPITAL AND OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

DAISY BURDOCK. *THE DAILY MUCKRAKER.*

MAYOR SWEENEY, WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER TO RUMOURS OF A RUSHED OPENING TO SATISFY INVESTOR PROFITS OVER PUBLIC SAFETY?

"WELL, I DO NOT DEAL IN *GOSSIP*, MS. BURDOCK-- ONLY FACTS.

HEY, RODNEY, GIVE US A FLASHLIGHT! QUICK!

THINK I'VE FOUND ONE OF THEM TERRA-COTTA WARRIORS!

YOU DAFT? CHINA'S MILES FROM...

...HERE!

"I ASSURE YOU-- NO SHORTCUTS HAVE BEEN TAKEN, AND OUR SMART TRAINS ARE THE SAFEST IN EUROPE.

"THE PUBLIC HAS NOTHING TO *FEAR.*"

MEANWHILE IN SOUTH LONDON.

EAT CLAYMORE, ICY, BARNACLED MARAUDERS!

ZARINA, ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO *REST?*

GANKING FROST GIANTS WITH MY BESTIE *IS* RESTING, ZOOEY.

HI. I'M ZARINA, AND ON AN ORDINARY SCHOOL NIGHT, I'D BE CLOCKING IN AT MY SIDE HUSTLE AT *W.H.O.*--THE WEIRD HAPPENINGS ORGANIZATION--INVESTIGATING THE STRANGE AND PARANORMAL.

BUT NOT TODAY. NOT THIS MONTH.

BECAUSE I'M ON BREAK FOR *RAMADAN.*

COOL EARRINGS. CAN I TRY THEM ON?

SURE, IF YOU WANNA START A POWER CUT.

THESE HOOPS ARE ACTUALLY *SURGE PROTECTORS* THAT KEEP THE BIOELECTRICITY IN MY BODY UNDER CONTROL.

GROOOOOOWL

ONLY ONE HOUR LEFT UNTIL I CAN BREAK MY FAST.

RAMADAN

NOW: FASTING

16 HRS

SUNRISE

SUNSET

01:00:17

END FAST

RUMMMBLE

WHAT WAS THAT?!

FOR THOSE JUST JOINING US, THE MAYOR'S PRESS CONFERENCE HAS BEEN CRASHED BY A 150-FOOT-TALL DRAGON!

FWOOSH!

DRAGON, MY BUTT. THAT'S *OBVIOUSLY* A WYVERN.

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S GONNA REBOOT THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON IF I DON'T STOP IT FIRST.

BUT YOU'VE BEEN FASTING ALL DAY!

ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU'RE UP TO IT?

I HAVEN'T GOT A CHOICE.

SPIDER-UK, TAGGING IN.

WHAT'S THE GAME PLAN, BRIGADIER?*

*BRIGADIER ALYSANDE STUART, COMMANDER OF W.H.O. MY BOSS.

THWP

THE PLAN IS FOR YOU TO REST ON THE BENCH AND LET US TAKE CARE OF THIS.

TOO BAD. I'M ALREADY ON THE PITCH, AND BY THE LOOK OF IT, YOU'RE GONNA NEED ALL THE HELP YOU CAN GET.

SKREEEEEE!

JEEPERS!

HOLD YOUR NERVE, SOLDIER. IT CAN SMELL YOUR FEAR.

I BET MY FEAR SMELLS A WHOLE LOT BETTER THAN IT DOES.

THIS BEAST REEKS LIKE A FESTIVAL LOO WITH WINGS!

EW! GROSS!

BLAAA A ARGH

WHOA! THAT GOO IT THREW UP ON THEM IS SOME KIND OF CONTAGION!

BUT IT'S NOT POISONING THEM-- IT'S MUTATING THEM!

BURST A HYDRANT! GET IT OFF THEIR EXPOSED SKIN BEFORE--

IT'S TOO LATE!

DISENGAGE AND RETURN TO BASE.

NOT YET.

IF I CAN GET A SAMPLE BACK, MAYBE WE CAN UNDO WHATEVER CHANGED THEM.

POP

VINTAGE LEATHER JACKET WITH *EXTRADIMENSIONAL* POCKETS, COURTESY OF W.H.O.

Biohazard Spill Kit

COOL, HUH?

THE CHANCES OF THAT COULD BE VERY SLIM.

MAYBE. BUT WE'VE GOTTA AT LEAST TRY.

SKREEEEEEEE!

OW!

WAS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE A ROAR? YOU SOUND LIKE A BAGPIPE WITH TONSILLITIS.

PUT A SOCK IN IT!

THWIP

DRAGON, THWARTED!

SORRY, SAINT GEORGE, BUT THE WEB IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.

WHUMP

AH-UH! THE MORE YOU STRUGGLE, THE TIGHTER...

SNAP

...IT GETS?!

SKREEEEEE!

OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD

FLASH

SKREEEEEE?

?

CITY HOTEL

MENU

GOSH! YOU SMELL AWFUL.

YOU TRY TUSSLING WITH A SULPHUR-SPEWING, MEDIEVAL MONSTER AND STAYING CLEAN.

DON'T MIND MY DEAR SISTER, SPIDER-UK. INSULTS ARE HER LOVE LANGUAGE.

PROFESSOR ALISTAIRE STUART. RESIDENT MAD SCIENTIST AT W.H.O.

SPIFFING JOB GETTING A SAMPLE OF THE DRAGON'S BILE.

RUNNING IT THROUGH A DNA SEQUENCER REVEALED THAT IT'S SOME SORT OF PREHISTORIC MUTAGEN.

"IT WAS SAFELY BURIED AWAY FOR MILLENNIA UNTIL CONSTRUCTION WORK UNEARTHED IT BACK INTO THE WILD.

OXFORD ST

"BUT NOT TO FRET-- BY THE WONDERS OF GENE EDITING, I CONCOCTED A SERUM TO NEUTRALISE ITS EFFECTS."

TA-DA!

COOL! WRIST ROCKET LAUNCHERS!

NO. ***TRANQ SHOOTERS.*** THEY FIRE DARTS FILLED WITH MY CUSTOM BLEND OF TRANQUILISER AND DRAGON BILE SERUM.

OH, SICK!

LET'S DESOLATE THIS SMAUG!

SHUNK

YOU RAMPAGING MONSTERS ALWAYS EAT LIKE YOU'RE TRYING TO WIN A CONTEST.

TRADITIONAL FISH & CHIPS

GROOOWL

QUIET, YOU! I'VE GOT BIGGER PRIORITIES THAN FOOD, LIKE NOT *BEING* FOOD.

SHINK

DRATS! MISSED!

FWAP

FWAP

THWIP

THWIP

DON'TCHA KNOW IT'S WRONG TO DINE AND DASH?

SHHP

SHHP

SHHP

UH-OH! THAT'S THE LAST OF MY WEBBING.

FWAP FWAP

YANK

FWAP FWAP

MY SILK GLANDS AREN'T REFILLING FAST ENOUGH.

AND FOR SOMEONE WHO CAN BENCH FIFTEEN TONS ON THEIR BEST DAY, RESTRAINING A 20,000-POUND DRAGON SHOULD BE A PIECE OF CAKE, NOT A PAIN IN THE NECK.

KRRRTCH

FASTING'S GOT ME OPERATING AT 50% OF MY CAPABILITIES.

GRRRRRRR!

FROOSH

WHOA!

SO, HERE I AM, DAZED, STARVING, OUT OF WEBBING AND BEING DRAGGED LIKE A WINDSOCK AT 100 MILES AN HOUR, HIGH ABOVE THE CITY.

...AND STRAIGHT TOWARD THE FENCHURCH BUILDING!

I'VE HEARD OF KOMODO DRAGONS BUT NOT KAMIKAZE!

FWWWISH FWWWISH

HELLOOOOO UP THERE!

CARE TO PULL UP?

PHEW!

SWOOOP

UH-OH!

THE TURN WAS TOO SHARP! IF I DON'T LET GO NOW, I'LL BE BUG SPLATTER!

IT'S STRANGE WHAT POPS INTO YOUR HEAD WHEN YOU'RE PLUMMETING TO YOUR DEATH.

VZZT

BOO

GOODBYE, BEAUTIFUL PLAITS.

LIKE RIGHT NOW, I REMEMBER READING SOMETHING ABOUT SPIDERS USING THE EARTH'S ELECTRIC FIELD TO *FLY*

IF THE ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY WAS STRONG ENOUGH, THEY WOULD CLIMB UP A HIGH TWIG, SPIN AN ELECTRICALLY CHARGED SILKEN LINE...

CRAACKLE

...AND THE REPULSION ON THE CHARGED THREAD WOULD PROVIDE THE NECESSARY LIFT.

FWOOOSH

IT'S CALLED "BALLOONING."

BUT IN MY CASE, IT'S MORE LIKE "FALLING WITH STYLE."

OUCH! ARE YOU OKAY?

PEACHY! JUST REMIND ME TO NEVER SKIP ANOTHER LEG DAY. EVER.

CHANGE OF PLAN.

PING

OOOOOEEEEIEE

WE'RE BRINGING THE HUNT TO US.

PERMISSION TO STATE THE BLEEDIN' OBVIOUS, MA'AM, BUT THERE'S WAY *MORE* MUTANT DRAGONS THAN WE HAVE DARTS.

IT'S OKAY. MY SMARTY-PANTS BROTHER MODIFIED THE SERUM INTO NEBULIZER GAS GRENADES FOR THIS VERY EVENTUALITY.

TINK TINK TINK

PSSSSHHHHHHHH

FWAP FWAP FWAP

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE, THE MUTANT DRAGONS LEFT OUR CAREFULLY LAID PLAN WITH EGG ON ITS FACE.

KAFF! KAFF!

KAFF! KAFF!

MMM. EGG.

SKREEEEEEE!

THERE'S AN ISLAMIC LAW THAT SAYS "A PERSON WHO PASSES AWAY IN THE STATE OF FASTING WILL ENTER PARADISE."

SO, AS A FLURRY OF DRAGON CLAWS FLIES TOWARD MY FACE, ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS: IF I DIE, I HAVE A GUARANTEED TICKET TO THE MOST *HEAVENLY* BUFFET.

BUT THEN, AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR...

TH-WHEEEEP!

WHOA! I THOUGHT YOU WERE OUT OF WEBBING!

ME TOO!

APPARENTLY, FIGHT-OR-FLIGHT BODILY SECRETIONS IS A THING I DO.

BEST FILE THIS UNDER *"UNSPOKEN GROSS POWERS."*

CREEEEAK

BUT IT'S NOT AS STRONG AS YOUR USUAL WEBBING.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'VE GOT A PLAN.

PHYSICALLY, I'M RUNNING ON FUMES, BUT MY *BIOELECTRICAL ENERGY* HAS BARELY BEEN TOUCHED.

HERE'S 860 VOLTS, COURTESY OF YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURHOOD WALL SOCKET.

GAAAGGH!

ZZZZZT

I SWEAR, IF I GET LEFT OFF THE HONOURS LIST AGAIN THIS YEAR, I'LL...

TINK TINK TINK

THE SERUM KICKED IN PRETTY FAST.

UNGHHH!

WHERE AM I?

PSSSSHHHHHHHHH

LET'S DECLARE THIS CASE A--

--W.H.O. DONE IT!

DAP

CIVILIANS RECOVERED.

WHERE'S THE MASTER DRAGON, OVER?

IN OUR SIGHTS.

GALAHAD SQUADRON!

FIRE!

RRRRRRRRR

SKREEEEEEEE!

PFAF

PFAF

FOR A HOMICIDAL BEAST, IT LOOKS PRETTY CUTE WHEN IT'S ASLEEP.

WELL, SAY YOUR GOODBYES, BECAUSE S.H.I.E.L.D. CALLED DIBS, AND THAT FANGED FLAMETHROWER IS NOW THE YANKS' PROBLEM.

BEEP BEEP

FINALLY! RAMADAN

TIME TO EAT!

END: FASTING

16 HRS

SUNRISE

SUNSET

00:00:00

DONE

ALLAHUMMA LAKA SUMTU WA 'ALA RIZQIKA AFTARTU.

TRANSLATION: OH, ALLAH, I HAVE FASTED FOR YOU, AND I OPEN MY FAST WITH THE SUSTENANCE THAT YOU PROVIDED.

OH YEAH! I'VE BEEN CRAVING THESE YUMMY MEDJOOL DATES ALL DAY.

ALLEY-OOP!

TOSS

WOOSH

AH NO!

SORRY TO STARTLE YOU, BUT TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE.

YOU ***MUST*** COME WITH ME. THE FATE OF EVERY SPIDER IS IN JEOPARDY.

WHOA!

SURE, BUT CAN I GO GRAB A FALAFEL FIRST?

Loomworld.
Earth-001.

ANOTHER FEW HOURS OF REPAIRING TEARS IN *THE GREAT WEB*...

...THEN THIS FRIENDLY CROSS-DIMENSIONAL *SPIDERLING* IS HEADING HOME...

...AND STUDYING FOR HER A.P. PHYSICS FINAL! THAT SAID...

...WHAT'S TO STOP ME FROM ALTERING MY THREAD AND GIVING MYSELF AN "A"?

THWIP

NAH, WITH *GREAT WEB* POWER COMES *GREAT WEB* RESPONSIBILITY.

BESIDES, IF MOM AND DAD FOUND OUT, THEY'D GROUND THEIR LITTLE ANNIE-MAY *FOREVER!*

WHOA! WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH *THIS* THREAD?

IT'S THE *PRIMAL STRAND!*

I CAN *FEEL* IT!

THE *FIRST* WEB EVER *SPUN!*

IT GOES ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE VERY START OF THE *SPIDER-VERSE!*

TO LOOMWORLD-- BEFORE IT HAD A NAME!

WHAT AM I LOOKING AT? ARE THOSE *GODS?* AND THAT GIRL...SHE HAS A SPIDER-SIGIL.

WHO IS *SHE?*

SISTER? WHERE ARE YOU?

OVER HERE, LITTLE ONE.

I'M BORED, *SHATHRA*. PLAY WITH ME.

NOT NOW, *NEITH*. RUN ALONG.

WHAT I DO HERE TODAY REQUIRES *ABSOLUTE* FOCUS. THE UNIVERSE ITSELF *DEPENDS* ON IT.

REALLY?

ON *THAT*?

UM. WHAT *IS* IT?

MOTHER OSHTUR AND MOTHER GAEA HAVE TASKED *ME*...

...WITH DESIGNING THE *CELESTIAL MAP* OF *HUMANITY*...

...A *COSMIC CONSTRUCT* THAT WILL CHART OUT THE ENTIRE *DESTINY OF HUMANKIND!*

IT MUST BE NOTHING LESS THAN *PERFECT.*

IT'S... *UM*...

WELL...YOU... DEFINITELY PUT A LOT OF *WORK* INTO IT.

A HONEYCOMBED STRUCTURE, WHERE EVERY SOUL WILL GROW AND EVOLVE IN SOLITUDE...

...UNTIL THEY ARE READY TO BECOME *ONE* WITH THEIR *HIVE.*

I CALL IT--

THE GREAT NEST!

OKAY. I SEE WHAT THE PROBLEM IS.
THE *PROBLEM?*
YEAH. YOU'RE OVERTHINKING IT.
REALLY, SISTER?
PERHAPS *YOU'D* LIKE TO TRY.
SURE. I JUST THINK YOU NEED TO HAVE MORE *FUN* WITH IT.
WHAT IF YOU DID SOMETHING LIKE *THIS?*
THWIP
NEITH? WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THAT'S *CHAOS!*
YEAH! LET EVERYONE HAVE THEIR *OWN* THREAD.
BUT THEY ALL WEAVE *TOGETHER.* THEN MAYBE THEY GO LEFT, MAYBE RIGHT.
WHO KNOWS? NOT US. *THEY'RE* THE ONES MAKING THE PATTERNS.
IT'S *OUR* CONSTRUCT, BUT IT'S *THEIR GREAT WEB.* AND IT'S *PRETTY,* RIGHT?
GREETINGS, SHATHRA. MOTHER GAEA AND I WISHED TO SEE HOW YOU WERE COMING ALONG.
IS THIS IT, DAUGHTER?
NO. IT'S NOT DONE YET!
DON'T WORRY. WE WON'T JUDGE.
SURE YOU WON'T. GODS PASSING JUDGMENT--LIKE THAT *NEVER* HAPPENS.

OH. SO THIS IS YOUR *ATTEMPT?*

IT'S-- *INTERESTING,* SHATHRA.

OH, YOU POOR DEAR. CLEARLY OSHTUR AND I HAVE PLACED TOO MUCH *PRESSURE* ON YOU.

WELL, I HAVE BEEN PUSHING MYSELF--

THEN, PLEASE LET US *UNBURDEN* YOU.

TH-THANK YOU, MOTHER.

THINK NOTHING OF IT.

AND AS FOR *YOU,* NEITH, YOU APPEAR TO BE HAVING A GREAT TIME WITH THIS. DO YOU WISH TO CONTINUE?

WHAT DO YOU SAY? WOULD YOU LIKE TO DECIDE THE SHAPE OF THE UNIVERSE?

SURE! THAT IS--IF MY SISTER'S OKAY WITH IT?

OF COURSE! I HAD ALREADY GROWN TIRED OF IT.

IT'S *YOURS,* NEITH.

THEN IT'S SETTLED.

COME, SHOW US MORE.

I'M GLAD TO BE RID OF THE WRETCHED THING.

A PROJECT LIKE THAT...?

I'M SURE THAT OVER TIME, IT WOULD'VE *CONSUMED* ME--

--BOTH INSIDE AND OUT.

GATHER ROUND, GODS, DEMIGODS, AND FELLOW ETHEREALS.

THE DAY HAS ARRIVED!

COME SEE WHAT MY CHILD NEITH HAS SPUN HERE--

--AT THE CENTER OF OUR UNIVERSE!

MOMMM. CUT IT OUT.

DIZZGUSTING.

AND WHAT ARE THOSE CREATURES CRAWLING ALL OVER IT?

THOSE ARE MY *FRIENDS*, SHATHRA.

MY LITTLE HELPERS. I CALL THEM "SPIDERS."

I MADE THEM TO CRAWL ALONG THE WEB.

THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN TRAVEL FROM STRAND TO STRAND...

...AND FIX ANY THREAD THAT'S BROKEN.

SOUNDS LIKE *THEY* DO ALL THE WORK.

YEAH! SO I CAN GO OFF AND *PLAY*.

GO, CHILD. YOU'VE EARNED IT. *WELL DONE.*

YES. GO. *ALL* OF YOU.

LEAVE ME ALONE WITH NEITH'S UGLY *WEAVINGSZZZ!*

BLIND FOOLZZZ!

YOU CHOZE THISZZZ OVER *ME!*

OVER USZZZZ!

ONE DAY, SHATHRA WILL SHOW YOU!

ME AND MY LITTLE ONEZZZ!

"DEVOURING THEM FROM WITHIN!

"BURSTING OUT!"

"WHOLE WORLDZZZ OF WASPSZZZ!

"STINGING EVERY SPIDER!

"GROWING IN THEIR BELLIESZZZ!

REBUILDING ALL THE UNIVERSEZZZ IN MY IMAGE!

THE HIVE OF SHATHRA!

MY GREAT NEST!

THERE, MY WORK IZZZ DONE.

AN IMPERFECTION HIDDEN AWAY IN THE FIRST THREAD...

"...WAITING TILL SOME LITTLE SPIDER PLUCKS THE PRIMAL STRAND..."

I--I DIDN'T MEAN TO--

...AND SUMMONZZZ ME!

NO!

ZZZT

ZZT

ZTZZ

AGHH!

YOU'RE ONE OF PARKER'ZZZ BROOD, AREN'T YOU, LITTLE ONE?

OR RATHER YOU *WERE.* YOU ARE *SHATHRA'ZZZ* NOW!

ARGHH! IT *HURTZZZ!* PLEAZE MAKE IT ZZZTOP!

IT WILL BE OVER SOON, CHILD. AND FROM THIS MOMENT ON...

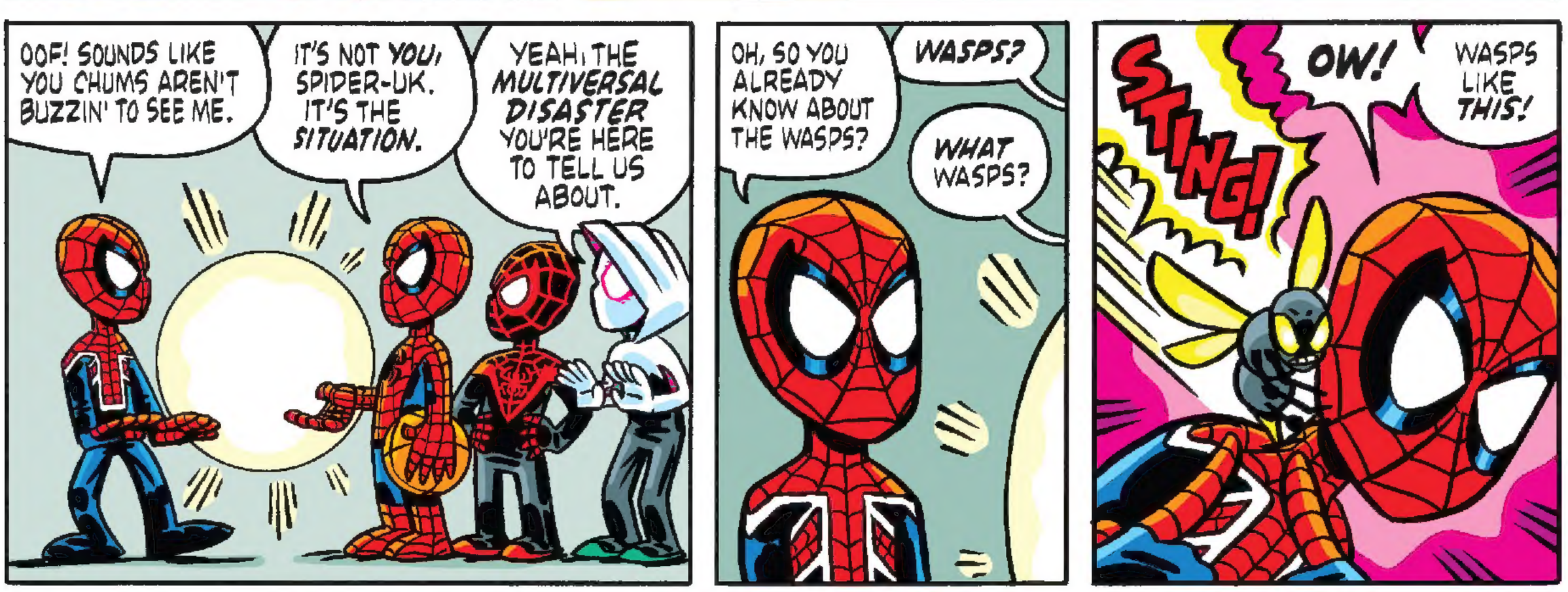
...YOU SHALL BE *MY NESTLING.*

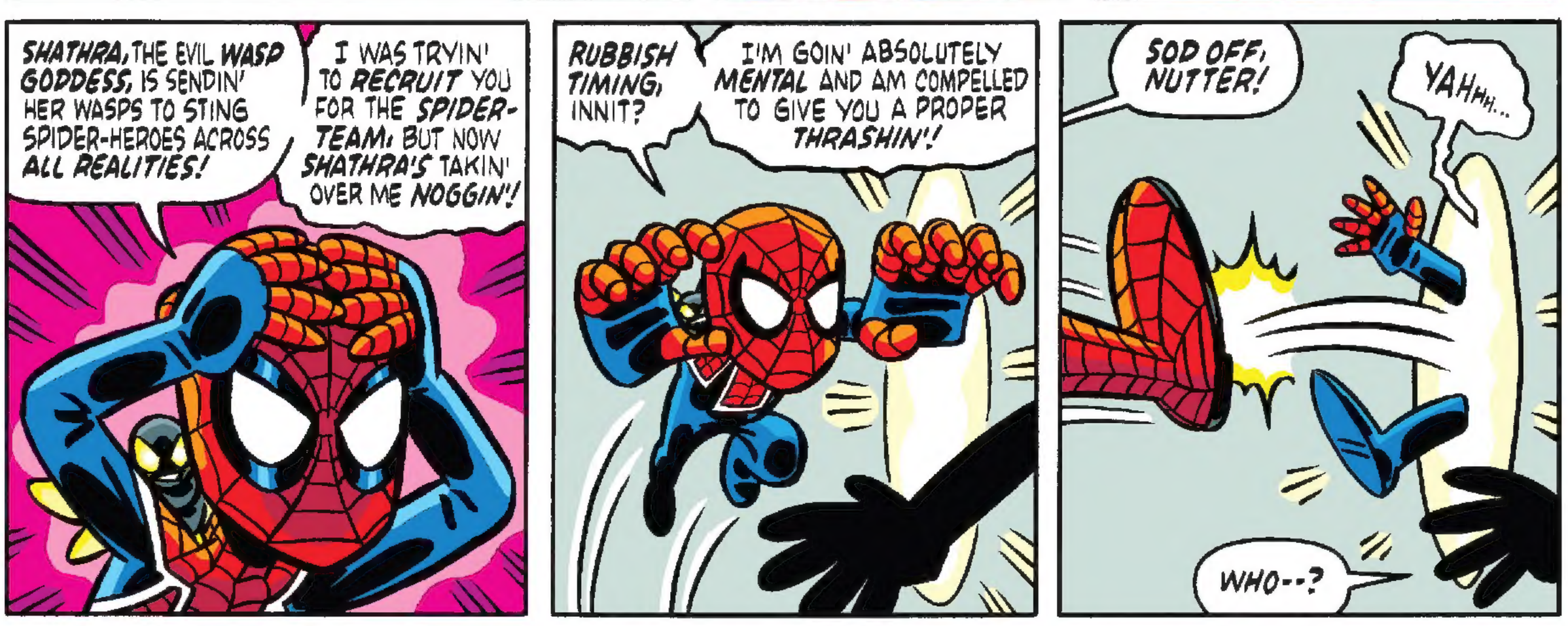
TO BE CONTINUED...

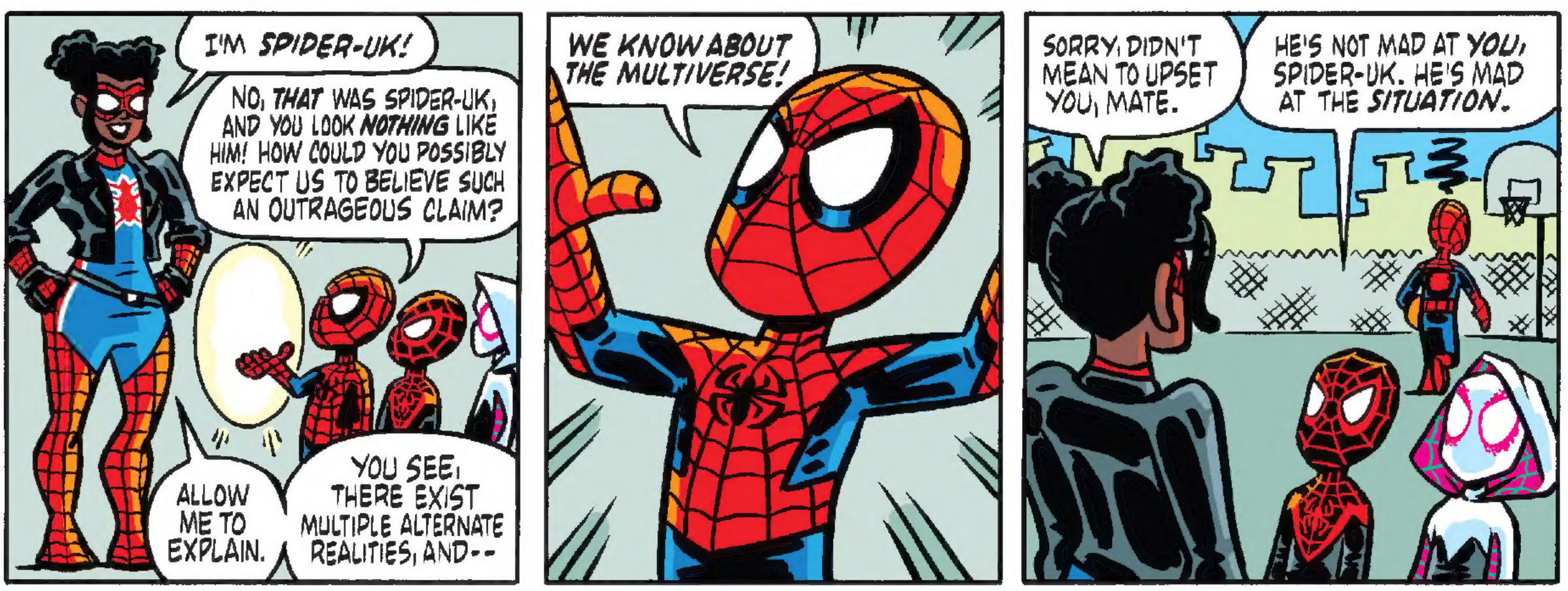
MINI MARVELS

by Chris Giarrusso

IT'S GREAT TO HANG OUT WITH YOU TWO SAFELY NOW THAT YOU'VE JOINED MY UNIVERSE!
OTHERWISE, WHENEVER OTHER SPIDER-HEROES SHOW UP, IT MEANS THERE MUST BE A MULTIVERSAL DISASTER IN PROGRESS.
SPIDER-MAN! SPIDER-GWEN! SPIDER-PETE!
OH NO! IT'S SPIDER-UK!
AW, C'MON!
UGH!


OOF! SOUNDS LIKE YOU CHUMS AREN'T BUZZIN' TO SEE ME.
IT'S NOT YOU, SPIDER-UK. IT'S THE SITUATION.
YEAH, THE MULTIVERSAL DISASTER YOU'RE HERE TO TELL US ABOUT.
OH, SO YOU ALREADY KNOW ABOUT THE WASPS?
WASPS?
WHAT WASPS?
STING!
OW!
WASPS LIKE THIS!


SHATHRA, THE EVIL WASP GODDESS, IS SENDIN' HER WASPS TO STING SPIDER-HEROES ACROSS ALL REALITIES!
I WAS TRYIN' TO RECRUIT YOU FOR THE SPIDER-TEAM. BUT NOW SHATHRA'S TAKIN' OVER ME NOGGIN'!
RUBBISH TIMING, INNIT?
I'M GOIN' ABSOLUTELY MENTAL AND AM COMPELLED TO GIVE YOU A PROPER THRASHIN'!
SOD OFF, NUTTER!
YAHHH...
WHO--?


I'M SPIDER-UK!
NO, THAT WAS SPIDER-UK, AND YOU LOOK NOTHING LIKE HIM! HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY EXPECT US TO BELIEVE SUCH AN OUTRAGEOUS CLAIM?
ALLOW ME TO EXPLAIN.
YOU SEE, THERE EXIST MULTIPLE ALTERNATE REALITIES, AND--
WE KNOW ABOUT THE MULTIVERSE!
SORRY, DIDN'T MEAN TO UPSET YOU, MATE.
HE'S NOT MAD AT YOU, SPIDER-UK. HE'S MAD AT THE SITUATION.

EDGE OF SPIDER-VERSE

NEXT ISSUE: #3

ZONE